new masses

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Americans had Dulles' number

THEY BEAT VISHINSKY TO IT

see page 3

Third Party

CALIFORNIA STARTED SOMETHING

by JACK YOUNG

"Why am I persecuted?"

FANTASIA IN G-MEN

by HANNS EISLER

reviewed by Isidor Schneider

THEODORE WARD'S EXCITING "OUR LAN'"

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just a minute

THE other day we encountered a friend of NM swinging jauntily along on Thirty-Fourth Street clad in freshly pressed pants, windbreaker and white shirt open at the collar—the "uniform" of a sea-going delegate to the biennial convention of the National Maritime Union.

"That Freedom Train issue," he said. "Fine," and he made a circle with his thumb and forefinger. "That Gropper spread, brother, terrific." He asked if we had somebody in the gallery at the convention, and wanted to know who had covered the UE up at Boston. "Wow," he said reflectively, "Brother Carey's rear end must be smarting today." Then he asked who would get the CIO and AFL conventions down on paper for the magazine. And why haven't we run an article on the World Federation of Trade Unions? And, personally, he would like to see something regularly on the high cost of *living in our pages, and what are we doing* on John Foster Dulles, and where is a campaign in NM for Indonesia, and had we reviewed Fast's new book yet, and what is Ted Ward's play like? He went on this way for a few minutes, during which time he had ranged over the menace of war, Wallace's latest speeches, Gorbatov's article on the little man from Missouri, the Dodgers' chances, proportional representation, *Monsieur Verdoux,* high skirts versus low and Joe Curran's latest didoes. "That's what I'd like to see in the magazine," he said, racing off to catch a sandwich before the gavel sounded for the next NMU session. "And more cartoons!" he shouted back from a half a block down the street.

We are writing this as something of a reply to his questions, for we are sure he will see it one of these days.

Yes, brother, your beef is legitimate, but don't feel for a moment that your requests are alien to us on NM. We are always asking those questions ourselves, at staff meetings, in between staff meetings, every day of the week, and often after midnight.

How, we interminably ask, will we get all the prime happenings into these pages that make up a man's whole interest? Politics, articles on books, writers, art, philosophy, short stories, economic battles, labor, the infinite variety of social questions, and the Dodgers' dilemma.

The nub of the matter is this: were we a magazine like others, like our weekly contemporaries in the "butcher-paper" field, we would decide on certain articles, decide on the writers to ask; we'd get on the phone, invite the writer in; there'd be a discussion, and there'd be an article. Pronto, and the business office would write out a check—for somewhere between five and ten cents a word—and the magazine's pages would be filled with the articles in question. Simple?

But what happens here on NM? We need some fifteen to twenty writers and cartoonists every week to do the job we are trying to do. Over the course of a year nearly a thousand by-lines appear in our pages. The great majority of these authors appear in NM as a labor of love. When they get paid, it is nominal: enough to pay the electric light bill when they burn the midnight watt. But our writers and artists are, in the overwhelming majority, extremely busy people: they are earnestly engaged in making ends meet, when they're not hurrying to their meetings, their union duties, their neighborhood organizations. More often than not when the editor gets on the phone he runs through five or six "Noes" before he can get a "Yes." More often than not, he never gets that "Yes." Result: this major topic, that convention, this interview, that book review, simply never gets done.

Most of the plans that are drawn up at editorial board meetings for projects, for articles, for cartoons, get no farther than the gleam in the editor's eye.

But that's the way the cards are stacked. Easy? Not a whit of it. And what we wanted to tell our friend outside the NMU hall was this: what appears in the magazine is like the eighth of the iceberg that juts above the waterline. The other seven-eighths are editorial plans, projects, articles, cartoons, that never get done because of the above multiplicity of reasons.

NM's No. 1 job is to get more writers, more artists, doing their stint for the magazine.

The times are more urgent than ever before, the demands more drastic, more numerous—and writers and artists must eat.

What's the solution? What are your suggestions, not-so-gentle reader—and writer?

J. N.

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VISHINSKY WASN'T FIRST

N.Y.Times, March 29, 1947
As the world's only "safeguard to prevent obliteration," he urged international inspection of atomic energy, with use of the bomb against all countries refusing to accept an inspection system.
"Immediately?" asked Chairman J. Parnell Thomas, Republican, of New Jersey.
"Immediately," answered Mr. Earle.
N.Y.Times, March 20, 1947
Virgil Jordan, president of the National Industrial Conference Board, declared that world disarmament was the key to the continuance of individual liberty and a free economy. The United States this moment has a unique opportunity to compel world disarmament, even if it becomes necessary to use atomic bombs to achieve this end, he said.
"Let us," he urged, "first offer
"Let us, secondly, demand the unlimited right of continuous inspection and control of every industrial operation and process and every public policy which may have the most remote relationship to armament and warfare.
"And, finally, let us make, improve and keep plenty of our best and biggest atomic bombs for that imperative purpose; let us suspend them in principle over every place in the world where we have any reason to suspect evasion or conspiracy against this purpose; and let us drop them in fact, promptly and without compunction, wherever it is defied."
The following awards and medals
Congressional Record, March 12, 1947
Mr. PEPPER.
Mr. BROOKS. Now we have got to fight Russia. There is nothing else before us at this hour than the appropriation of $400,000,000 to stop Russia in Greece or in Turkey. If the Republicans had prevailed then and had let the Germans eat up Russia, we would not be in the predicament we are in now.
the Senator from Florida h

SIX years ago the New York *Herald Tribune* exposed a Nazi agent who was found negotiating help for Hitler through the Texas Oil Corporation. The agent's name was Gerhard Alois Westrick. Shortly after he was arrested an American lawyer, prominent in Protestant church circles and acknowledged by the Republican top crust as a brilliant analyst of foreign affairs, appeared to defend Westrick. "I don't believe he has done anything wrong," said the lawyer. "I knew him in the old days and I had a high regard for his integrity." The lawyer was John Foster Dulles, senior partner in the law empire of Sullivan and Cromwell, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

Almost a month ago another lawyer, this time a Russian with a furious hatred of fascism, stood before the United Nations Assembly and read a list of American warmongers. When he reached the name of John Foster Dulles you could hear the proverbial pin drop. Dulles, a member of the American delegation, turned his head and looked up at Vishinsky with utter hatred. It was the kind of look correspondents saw on General Keitel's face in the Nuremberg trials.

Everyone knows that had Dewey been elected in 1944, Dulles would have been his Secretary of State. He has been advisor to James F. Byrnes and to George C. Marshall. Byrnes referred to Dulles as his "partner" in formulating American foreign policy. Marshall has deferred to him. Bipartisan foreign policy has made Dulles in effect the unofficial Secretary of State representing the highest circles of the Republican Party.

The Dulles doctrine is the doctrine of the American Century—*Amerika ueber alles*. It is clothed in moral garb and one needs a sharp blade to scrape away the hypocrisy in which his words are dipped. And to read his speeches of the last three years is to see how the American mind is being prepared for war by an appeal to the religious convictions and sentiments of the American people. The net of what Dulles has said is that a war with the Soviet Union would be a war to preserve religious ideals.

After Vishinsky lashed at him, Dulles denied that he was a warmonger. He hinted strongly that Vishinsky's charges were sheer invention. But the fact is that long before Vishinsky said anything about him, others had made the same charges. They were not Russians; they were Americans.

Who is Dulles?

In the New York *Post* of July 7, 1947, Frank Kingdon wrote: Dulles "is a member of the firm of Sullivan and Cromwell, attorneys for many large interests, including former associates of I. G. Farben, Germany's most powerful cartel. Dulles did not find cartels so morally offensive that he would not take cartelists for clients. His firm represented Ernest K. Halbach, Rudolph Lenz and Percy Kuttroff, all one time directors and officers of General Dyestuff, a powerful unit of the I. G. Farben empire. These men were under indictment in the United States on charges involving them with the enemy. They were fortunate to get Dulles' firm for their attorneys. Dulles' firm is also reported

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to be counsel for the J. Henry Schroder bank. His brother Allen W. Dulles, also a member of Sullivan and Cromwell, is a director of the bank. The bank acted as financial agent for the Nazi government. Dulles is also a director of the International Nickel Company of Canada, which was accused of conspiracy with I. G. Farben and like firms. His is the hand of international big business. . . ."

This is what Marquis Childs wrote in his syndicated column of Oct. 2, 1944: "The Dulles firm represents corporations with connections all over the world. The big European monopolies represented by Sullivan and Cromwell were an intimate part of the Europe that went down under the Hitler blitz of 1940. The directors of these corporations had political alliances which went into every chancellery on the continent, as may be shown more directly if certain documents come to light. These men were ruled by an abiding fear of bolshevism. Some of them were so afraid of communism that they were willing to join hands with German and Italian fascism."

After Franco's destruction of the Spanish Republic, Dulles in 1939 was the lawyer for the Franco regime in an attempt to recover ten million dollars in silver which the United States government had bought from the Spanish Republic. The presiding judge, Vincent Leibell, rejected Dulles' suit.

It was Dulles' firm which drew the incorporation papers for the America First Committee.

It was Dulles who served as lawyer for Count Rene de Chambrun, the son-in-law of the French traitor, Pierre Laval.

ON MARCH 19, 1939, before the Foreign Policy Association, Dulles defended the seizure of Czechoslovakia by Hitler. "I dislike isolation," said Dulles, "but I prefer it to identification with a senseless repetition of the cyclical struggle between the dynamic [read fascist] and static forces in the world." A few days later in a debate before the Economic Club of New York, Dulles said: "There is no reason to believe that any of the totalitarian states, either separately or collectively, would attempt to attack the United States. Only hysteria entertains the idea that Germany, Italy or Japan contemplates war against us. . . ."

Earlier in 1939, Dulles wrote a book, *War, Peace and Change,* in which he pleaded that room be made for the so-called dynamic peoples, that is, the fascist states. On page 48 he wrote: "Far from being sacred, it would be iniquitous, even if it were practicable, to put shackles on the dynamic peoples and condemn them forever to acceptance of conditions which might become intolerable." Elsewhere in the same book he said: "The Japanese . . . are a people of great energy . . . some enlargement of their national domain seemed called for. . . . What Japan particularly sought [in China] was a position comparable to that enjoyed by the English. . . ." "The subsequent energizing of Italy under Mussolini has shown plainly that Italy had become a nation quite different from that which had been so cavalierly treated at the Peace Conference. . . . Industry, discipline and willingness to sacrifice seemed to replace slothfulness and laxity. . . ."

Harari.

John Foster Dulles.

When it was being rumored in the fall of 1944 that if Dewey were elected Dulles would become his Secretary of State, Sen. Claude Pepper of Florida issued a statement (Oct. 10, 1944) in which he said: "In the event of a Republican victory, I shall demand with all the emphasis of which I am capable a complete and detailed Senate investigation of the present affiliations and past involvements of Mr. John Foster Dulles before concurring my approval, even in committee, of the prospective appointment of this man to the high office of Secretary of State. . . . One of Mr. Dulles' foreign connections which I believe the American people are especially entitled to know is his relationship to the banking circles that rescued Adolf Hitler from the financial depths and set his Nazi Party up as a going concern. . . . It is the intimate relationship of Dulles . . . to the interests that made Hitler's rise to power possible that should in my opinion be one of the central points of a Senate investigation before entrusting the making of peace into the hands of any man with these past loyalties. . . ."

In June, 1946, Dulles wrote two articles for *Life* magazine which developed still more his basic doctrine of anti-Sovietism and warmongering. It was typically Dulles, with its pious appeals and outright falsifications. He quoted Vishinsky as having said at the London Conference the preceding fall that "We do not want to accept tolerance. We paid too much for it." To the uninformed reader this could easily be interpreted as meaning that the Soviet Union advocated intolerance. But Vishinsky was actually talking about "fascist refugees" — in other words intolerance of fascism. Both *Life* articles were so blatantly dishonest that William Shirer, in the New York *Herald Tribune* (June 9, 1946) wrote: "His [Dulles'] case was weakened by errors of fact and questionable interpretations. And one cannot but have reservations about an author who right up to the outbreak of the war saw no danger to America in the Nazi-fascist conspiracy but who now presumes to see imminent danger of a clash with Russia." Max Lerner in another comment on one of the Dulles articles noted (*PM* June 11, 1946) that the "crucial base on which the whole Dulles article must stand or fall —[is] the charge that the Russians mean to make all the governments in the world Communist. . . . Dulles, for all his lawyer's skill, does not present a single bit of supporting proof."

It was a speech by Dulles before the National Publishers Association last January 17 which fully revealed both the drift of thinking in the Republican hierarchy and the plans the State Department was beginning to formulate for the future of Germany. A few weeks later Dulles' whole bag of ideas became Secretary Marshall's. At the Moscow Conference Marshall pushed them while Dulles operated behind the scenes. In his January speech Dulles gave heart to the German reactionaries and the cartel kingpins. He demanded a western industrial Germany divided from the rest of the country and serving as the base for a European bloc under the domination of the United States. It was an effort not only to create deadlock in the forthcoming Moscow Conference but it deliberately preached war against

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the Soviet Union. It was done cleverly, of course, so that detecting the sleight of hand required an expert eye. He said in effect that the Soviet Union was weak and therefore would have to submit to Washington's dictates. He sounded like Colonel Lindbergh, who issued the treacherous reports, after talking with Goering, on the "weakness" of the Soviet air force. Because the Soviets, according to Dulles' camouflaged talk, did not have the atom bomb, they could not possibly resist the cartelists' renewed German adventures. And if the USSR did resist, the bombs could easily handle that. The net of the speech was to assure Americans who were alarmed over the war talk that they had nothing to fear. The atom bomb simplified everything.

AGAIN it was Senator Pepper—and not Vishinsky—who labelled the speech for what it was: a brazen piece of warmongering delivered with all the polish of the practiced cartel huckster. On the floor of the Senate, Feb. 5, 1947, Pepper said: "Mr. Dulles obviously proposes to nullify the spirit and letter of the Potsdam agreement. His proposals would restore to Germany the power to wage war upon the United States and the world and to dominate the economies of western and eastern Europe, all of necessity, of course, with American capital. They would continue the rule of cartels in world trade. . . ."

Pepper continued: "Now this proposal of Mr. Dulles is not basically new, although it wears a new guise. It is the dangerous doctrine of all those who have been seeking for almost thirty years to pit west against east, to use Germany as the industrial and military wedge to split the world in two. It was the doctrine that motivated the loan of billions of dollars for rebuilding Germany after World War I. It was the doctrine which animated tory appeasement of Germany under Baldwin and Chamberlain. It was the doctrine that brought the closest collaboration of British, French and American monopolists with their German counterparts. . . .

"Mr. Dulles," Pepper emphasized, "knows that what has moved him in drawing his plan is his hatred for the Soviet Union and that, in the hope that Germany would use it again against eastern Europe and especially the Soviet Union, he has been willing to propose to put in Germany's hands another sword like unto that with which she was armed by the short-sighted such a few years ago and with which she has drawn rivers of blood from suffering mankind not only in the Soviet Union but in America and over the world. . . . I declare, Mr. President, that Mr. Dulles by proposing to rearm Germany for any reason threatens war to his own country and his own kind. He is opening again the shameless doors of another Munich to what will be the world's worst war."

Those were Senator Pepper's words and they were matched by others from those whom Dulles may have thought would never reproach him. For several years Dulles has been the chairman of the Commission on a Just and Durable Peace of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. As a leading lay churchman he has attempted to rally support for his policies by using the Protestant churches as the parapets from which to fire his biggest guns. His church connections have served his cartel interests well. But after his brazen effort at making Germany the victor in his January speech, the *Witness*—an organ of the Episcopal Church and on whose editorial board are prominent clergymen—wrote in its Jan. 30, 1947 issue:

"It is the obligation of the people of those churches to inquire whether his [Dulles'] proposal moves in the direction of the just and durable peace they have commissioned him to seek, also whether it is in harmony with the principles set forth in what is popularly called the social creed of the churches. . . . What pagan logic of geopolitics is it that wants 'to find a form of joint control which will make it possible to develop the industrial potential of western Germany in the interests of the economic life of western Europe. . . .'? Does the sacredness of personality stop at that line? Are the people of eastern Europe to be denied the equal rights to all available opportunities for development, which has been a basic principle in all versions of the church's social creed from the first draft? The road to moral influence is the same as the road to peace. It is the cooperative use of economic power for the development of all the peoples of the earth according to those principles which were set forth by our churches long before they were ever embodied in the Atlantic and United Nations Charters.

"Since Mr. Dulles' plan is contrary to these principles, he should be asked to resign as chairman of the commission of a just and durable peace of the Federal Council of Churches and from his positions of leadership in the World Council of Churches."

SUCH is the record of John Foster Dulles—a record which collides with the American people's real interests and threatens to plunge us into war. That record has been criticized and attacked by well-known Americans long before Vishinsky brought it to the attention of the world. Everyone familiar with that record must now ask himself whether Dulles can be permitted to represent our country in the United Nations. Two years ago Dulles said that "It devolves upon us to give leadership in restoring principle as a guide to conduct. If we do not do that the world will not be worth living in." To base the world on his principles is to restore the principles of defending Nazi agents, the Spanish fascist government, the cartel makers and their missionaries. This is Dulles' world, the kind of world he is fighting for in the UN. Anyone who believes in a different world, where the Dulles' will be remembered only as replicas of a dark and stormy age, must demand his removal from the United States delegation. THE EDITORS.

"The march of freedom of the past one hundred and fifty years has been a long-drawn-out people's revolution. In this Great Revolution of the people, there were the American Revolution of 1775, the French Revolution of 1792, the Latin American revolutions of the Bolivarian era, the German Revolution of 1848, and the Russian Revolution of 1918. Each spoke for the common man in terms of blood on the battlefield."—Henry A. Wallace in his "The Century of the Common Man" speech, May 8, 1942.

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The Silent Revolutionist

How to knock the props from under society at absolutely no cost to oneself. Listen to the man who reaches millions tell all about it.

A Short Story by PHILLIP BONOSKY

"WELL, I'll be damned!" he said, stopping me and grabbing hold of my hand. He stood there as pudgy as a kewpie doll, his face radiating delight and surprise. "What in the world are you doing up here?"

"I don't know," I said vaguely, staring at him. "I'm new to New York and didn't know I'm not allowed up on Madison. . . ."

He laughed happily. "Still waving the Red flag," he said approvingly, patting me on the shoulder, and then stopping to look me up and down again. He punched me lightly. "Gee, I'm glad to see you—of all people, you!"

"Been a long time," I offered, trying to remember.

Then the image cleared, the ten years dissolved: he was standing there smiling, his tanned face smooth as cellophane, his bright blue eyes impertinent and shrewd—half boy, half old man.

"Well!" he said. "This deserves a drink!"

"In here, with no tie?" I said.

He steered a way through the underwater darkness to where a glass glistened like an eye and sat down. Then I said: "On the WPA, that's where!"

"Of course!" he cried. "The good old days—I mean the really good old days!" He smiled over the table fondly and started to hand me a wine list. "No!" he said. "I'll order."

When the waiter disappeared, his face cleared like a wiped spot on a misty window. "George," he said. "What have you been doing for yourself? Making money?"

"All I can."

He laughed at this joyously. "Come on, come on," he said. "Give. What's been with you?" Then he suddenly interrupted himself in an almost solemn voice. "You knew, didn't you, I did a stretch in Hollywood?"

"No. And what—"

"Couldn't take it." He shook his head. "Had to get out." He threw his hands out, showing how he got out, and laughed again. "Oh, not what you think! I *liked* Hollywood! That's why I commute now."

"You what?"

"Commute," he explained. "Six months there, six months here: never long enough to rot. You understand?"

"Why, yes, I see—"

"Spent all summer driving around the country, seeing the good old Oo Ess Ay—a profound experience it was, George—no kidding—saw the people, lived with them, felt—sincerest experience in my life; except, of course, the picketing I did for the good old WPA. Them miles and miles of it! Good old WPA!" he said nostalgically.

"That was pretty long ago. . . ."

"Remember?" he said suddenly, his face lighting up. "Picture in the papers—me with the sign: "Can't Eat Hay—Save WPA!"?"

I shrugged, laughing. "It got you in the papers."

The waiter arrived, meeting our ceremonial pause with equally ceremonial silence until we ordered. Over his glass, my old friend looked at me: "Still in the Party?" I nodded modestly. He nodded then, too, approvingly. "Been disappointed if you hadn't been. Need the Party — the world's going to hell in a bucket; got to have some guys like you who'll be there—you know what I mean? Horatio at the bridge?"

"What bridge?"

"The Brooklyn Bridge!" he said wryly, looking at me with disgust. "What do you think? You leave me my cliches and I'll leave you yours. But seriously, seriously—God, you don't know what a tonic it is to meet you! After ten years—still the same, still impregnable, still the old Rock of Gibraltar—come pact or no pact, come war or no war: still there, still holding on! I drink to that!" He raised his glass and measured me. "Guys like you give me faith in the world!" He drank.

"WELL," he said, putting the glass down. "And now tell me about yourself. What happened to you, what have you been doing?"

"Oh, a little of everything. This and that."

He looked at me admiringly. "Still modest as ever!" he said, shaking his head with appreciation. "You guys'll win—"he winked an eye—"I know that, convinced of it; give up the world to win the world. Drink to that!"

"Well," I said. "Nice meeting you. I do have a necktie at home and a meeting—"

"No, no," he cried, reaching over to hold me down. "Drop into my world—and then out again like that! No, no! I'm telling you, this is a day for me! You restore faith to me in humanity—I mean that," he said severely. "Don't laugh at me. Don't laugh when I get serious! That's the last thing you want to do! I say it because I mean it, don't you see?"

He brought the waiter over again. Again the pause came over the table and again the drinks appeared.

"Drink," he said. "Had a couple before I met you. Way ahead of you. Drink," he said. "Not poison—can't poison you, can't corrupt—old Rock of Gibraltar! Union Square just a stone's throw, you know. Wind blow you there, good strong wind." He lit a cigarette and handed the pack to me. "Take one," he said. "And don't let me see the pack anymore. It's yours."

I took out a cigarette and put the pack in my pocket.

There was a long pause. His eyes were lowered to the glass, his lips moved a little; finally, without looking up, he said: "Read any of my stuff? You know I've been writing," he added quickly. "Big time, too.

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You must of seen my stuff around!"

"Yes," I said. "I guess I've seen it around."

"No, no!" he cried. "You must have read it. Reaches two million readers: coast to coast! Good stuff, too; technically, you know. When you write for *them*, you have to write for them. Narrow margin for operations. But I get in my share, though."

"Get what in?"

"Go ahead!" he cried, suddenly offended. "Take that superior moral attitude—but how many people do *you* influence? Who hears *you*? Whom do *you* reach? A thousand? All converts! But me—I reach millions! Coast to coast! Influence millions!"

"What do you write about?"

"What do I write about? This whole world—this circus, this menagerie, this sideshow, the freaks—the whole damned world, and what I find in it." Sweat appeared on his face. "This whole rotten, laughable world!" he cried. "Go ahead, laugh! I know I've got only peanuts for talent, but I do my share! I manage to stick in a sentence here and there—smoothly, smoothly—and two million people read it! *I influence two million people!*" he cried.

"What kind of sentences?"

"Revolutionary!" he cried. Then suddenly he laughed. "God, if they only knew. He dipped his head slyly. "If they only knew—sending me those checks—and all the time, *all the time*, I'm undermining, I'm—" He laughed silently, choking and bringing a handkerchief to his mouth. There were tears in his eyes when he recovered. "You might call me the silent revolutionist," he said.

"The what?"

"The silent revolutionist! I write the good, old routine stuff—just like any other Joe Blow Hack, girl meets boy, girl loses boy—and all the time, I'm undermining—I'm knocking out the props beneath. Here and there," he said, narrowing his eyes, "here and there I insert a word, a phrase, a sentence — subtle, you see, very, very subtle—but it sticks, the reader reads and he thinks it's just one-two-three, you-catch-me, but when he puts the article, the story, down, *something*, something different, the little something I put in—the extra, the vinegar, the acid; it stays, it goes to work, it churns and churns in his head, it seethes and simmers, it spreads, it goes to work! *It works!*" he shouted suddenly, his face breaking with radiance, his voice shrilling through the thick air.

I drank.

His face remained lifted in the smoke shining for a moment, then his eyes lowered to me. "Go ahead, you son-of-a-bitch," he said bitterly. "You walking-saint, you Mr. God Himself—laugh! But while you're standing on the corner trying to give leaflets away, I'm working—I'm being effective, I reach *millions* of readers!"

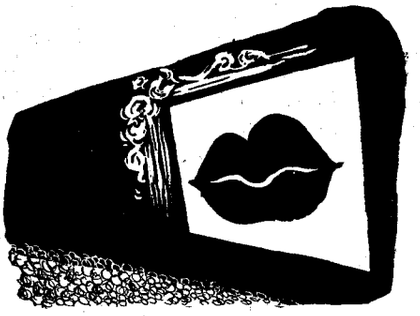
He subsided into moody silence, twirling the stem of his glass in his fingers. Suddenly he pulled a gold ring off his finger and threw it into the ashtray. "There!" he cried, looking at me defiantly. "You think this means everything to me! I know what you were thinking! Okay—look at me? That's worth five hundred dollars—that ring. Okay—there it is—" he waved his hand—"no ring, see? There it is, in the ashtray!"

We stared at the ring together.

"Bought it for my twenty-ninth birthday," he said somberly. "Hollywood. First big job. Got inscription on the inside, to myself—my own inscription. Want to know what it is?"

"What?"

"Won't tell you." He brought the



George.

waiter over and drank deep. "Won't tell you."

I picked the ring up. "Take it," I said. He took it and threw it back into the tray. "No, you think I'm joking! Leave it there! Rid of it! That's my past—don't want it. Through with it. Hate it!"

The ring lay there.

His lower lip pouted and his face was moist with some inner fervor. His eyes were melancholy and pierced with a lonely bitterness.

"Well," I said, starting to get up.

"Running out," he said, sneering at me. "Got me to open myself up, and now running out! Go out and have a good laugh—met old friend, WPA days, lousy-rich—what *you* think is lousy-rich—what a pity, good guy gone wrong—I know, I know," he said, shaking his finger at me. "I can see through you—been watching you. Know little brownies running around in your head, see them clear as day."

"I'll take you wherever you're going."

"Oh, no!" he cried, backing up. "No, you don't! Don't want to go there. That's my past—you want to see that, don't you? Want to take a peek in my world, don't you—see how the lower half lives. See right through you! That's my job—see right through people; write them down, make money seeing through people. You're no exception."

"But *I* have to go."

"Where?" he asked suspiciously.

"I work for a living, you know."

There was a sudden silence. He looked at me for a long time.

"What," he asked finally, "was the significance of that remark?"

"You work for a living, too."

He considered that for a long time, testing it.

"I'll think that over," he said cautiously. "See if there's an insult wrapped up somewhere in there. Don't trust you. Don't trust you at all—hate saints, hate better-than-thou guys, dirty-handed saints, working-class heroes. . . ."

I got up. "Got to go." He got up, too, and pulled a card out of his wallet. "My name and address," he said. "Look me up." Then he took a $50 bill out of his wallet. "For the Party, from me to the Party. You give 'em it, hear?"

He started for the door and I picked the ring out of the ashtray. Outside, in the hot sun, he blinked his eyes. "Well," he said somberly, shaking my hand. "I'm glad I run into you. Brings back old times. See you some time." He waved to a taxi. "See you any time you want to. Talk about old times." He got in, gave me a staunch clenched fist salute from inside the cab, and off he went.

I looked down at the $50 and the ring and wondered what to do with them. His address, fortunately, was on the card. I turned the ring around to look inside it, to the inscription he had told me was inside. There it was: "Solidarity Forever!" It was real gold, too.

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FANTASIA IN G-MEN

By Hanns Eisler

And now Hanns Eisler! After hounding this great anti-fascist composer for months because he is a brother of Gerhart Eisler, the House Un-American Activities Committee has called on the Department of Justice to put the finishing touches on its persecution. The Justice Department, cooperating with a zeal which won the praise of Committee Chairman J. Parnell Thomas, has arrested Eisler and his wife for deportation proceedings. What a grotesque irony: Gerhart Eisler, who wants to go back to his homeland to take his place in the fight for a democratic Germany, is told he must go instead to an American jail. Hanns Eisler, who wants to remain in this country where his work has enriched our culture, is told he will be kicked back to Germany!

It is time for all Americans who want to preserve the Bill of Rights, no matter what their political beliefs, to demand of Attorney General Tom Clark that he halt the persecution of Hanns Eisler. And let the protests resound also against the Un-American Committee's Hollywood inquisition which reopens in Washington October 20.

We present Hanns Eisler's challenging statement to the Un-American Committee which he was not permitted to read at his hearing.

THIS hearing is both sinister and ridiculous. This committee is not interested in any testimony I may give or in anything I can testify about. The only thing of any public importance about me is my standing as a composer. Although my reputation is international, I do not suppose that that fact makes my musical activities un-American. I would be delighted to spend as much time as this committee will allow to lecture on musical topics, the only matters which I am qualified to speak about. I could then discuss, for example, the development technique of Beethoven's last sonatas and string quartets or analyze the art of the fugue. But I doubt that I have been called to further such cultural interests.

On the contrary, this committee has called me only in order to continue its smear of me in the press, hoping that it will thereby intimidate artists throughout the country to conform to the political ideas of this committee. This is the second time that you have called me to testify, the first being before your subcommittee in Hollywood last May.

The interest you show in me is quite flattering. But it has no proper purpose. To prove this let me tell you about my activities in this country. I first came to the United States early in 1935 under the auspices of a British committee headed by Lord Marley, of the British House of Lords, to raise money for the children of German anti-Nazi refugees. I made a concert and lecture trip for two or three months. The subject of my lectures was the destruction of musical culture under Adolf Hitler. My lectures were in German and were translated to my audiences.

I returned to the United States in the fall of 1935 in order to accept a professorship of music at the New School for Social Research in New York City. There I taught theory of musical composition and counterpoint. At this time also there was produced on Broadway a musical play, *I Mother*, for which I had written the score. I left the U[illegible] States early in 1936 to become musical supervisor and composer for the British International Pictures' production *Pagliacci*. I returned to the United States at the beginning of 1938 and resumed teaching music at the New School. In May, 1939, I went to Mexico City to become visiting professor of music in the State Conservatory. About September, 1939, I again returned to teach at the New School. At this time I composed the score for a picture for the New York World's Fair.

In October, 1940, I was admitted to the United States as an immigrant on a non-quota visa as a professor of music. About that time the Rockefeller Foundation made a grant of $20,000 for me to direct in the New School a research project on the relation of modern music and the films. The results of this study appear in my book, entitled *Composing for the Films*, just published by the Oxford University Press. If the committee is interested in my artistic beliefs and principles, I recommend that each member of the committee read this book and study it very carefully.

In the last five years, I have lived in Hollywood where I have written the music for eight motion pictures, including *None But the Lonely Heart, Hangmen Also Die, Spanish Main, Woman on the Beach* and *So Well Remembered*. I was also for a short time a professor of music at the University of Southern California.

During all this time I have also written numerous symphonic works for orchestra, chamber music and vocal music. My last performed compositions include a woodwind quintet, sonata No. 3 for piano, variations for piano, sonata for violin and piano, cantatas for alto, two clarinets, viola and cello, *symphonia brevis* for orchestra, etc. Many of my compositions have been recorded.

THESE, gentlemen, are my activities in the United States, and I must suppose that these are what the committee considers "un-American." Apparently you are not connoiseurs of music.

In the United States I have never engaged in political activities and was never a member of a political party. The committee knows these things about me from its investigations and earlier hearing. Why then am I subjected to this fantastic persecution? Why has the committee outdone itself to smear my name for over a year? Why has it made it difficult for me to earn my living? Why has the committee induced the State Department to threaten unlawful action to prevent me from visiting Paris to compose the score for a French production of *Alice in Wonderland*?

The answers to all these questions are very simple. I am accused of being the brother of Gerhart Eisler, whom I love and admire and whom I defend and will continue to defend. Does the committee believe that brotherly love is un-American? More important, the committee hopes that by persecuting me it will intimidate many other artists in America whom it may dislike for any of various unworthy reasons. The committee hopes to create a drive against every liberal, progressive, and socially-conscious artist in this country, and to subject their works to an un-Constitutional and hysterical political censorship. It is horrible to think what will become of American art if this committee is to judge what art is American and what is un-American.

This is the sort of thing Hitler and Mussolini tried. They were not successful, and neither will be the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

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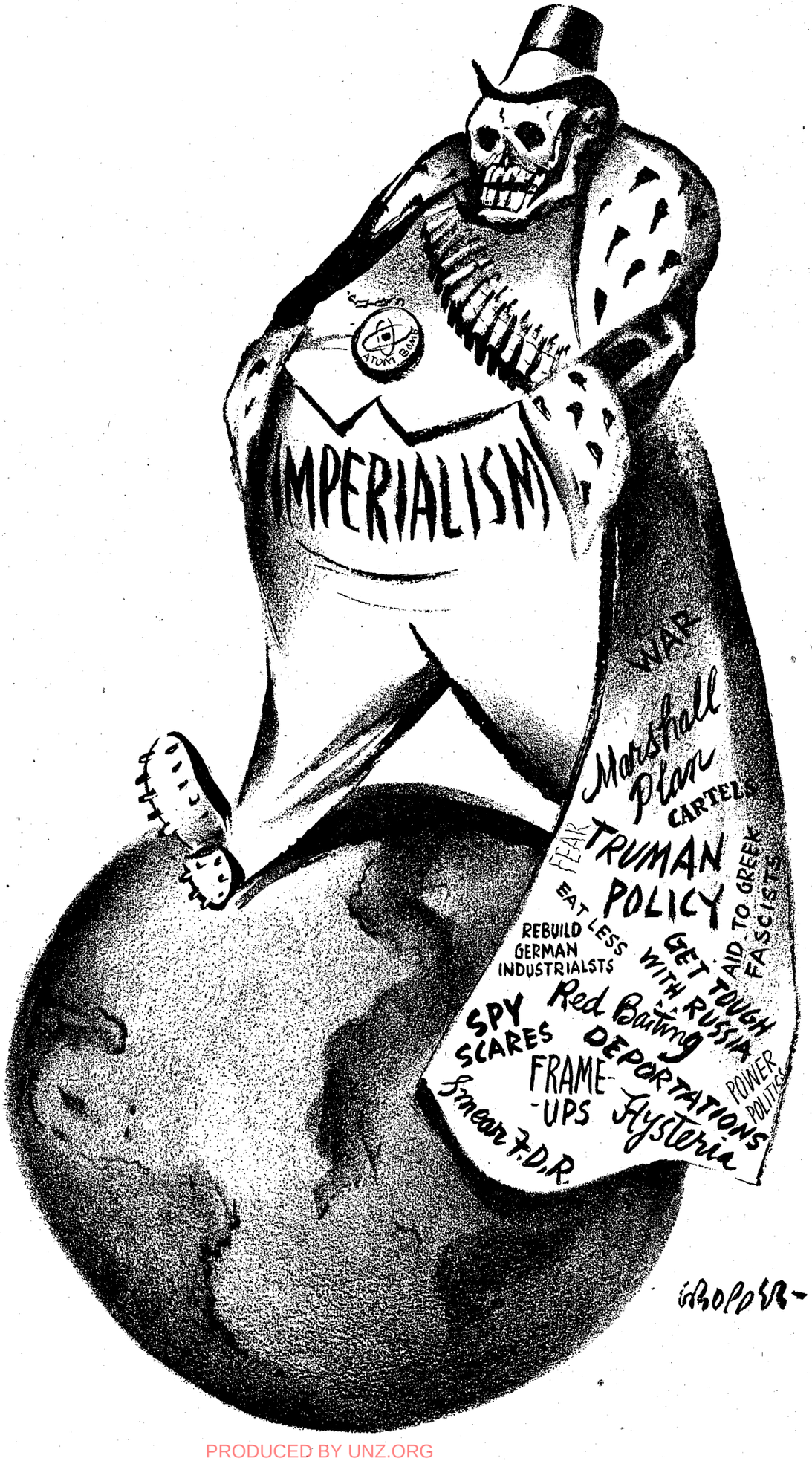

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California Started Something

"Wallace in '48!" is the battle-cry. Revolt against GOP rule and Truman lays basis for a third party.

By JACK YOUNG

Los Angeles.

THE campaign to collect signatures to place California's recently-formed Independent Progressive Party on the ballot is now underway. This is one of the most difficult states in which to qualify a new party. It can be done by filing a petition with 275,970 valid signatures of voters, or by having 27,597 voters change their registration. The Independent Progressives chose the harder way of the petition campaign.

"We're doing this for two reasons," explained Hugh Bryson, chairman of the organizing committee for the new party and president of the CIO National Union of Marine Cooks and Stewards. "We want every registered Democrat to be able to vote for a Wallace delegation to the Democratic national convention next June and for progressive congressional and legislative candidates, and therefore we don't want Democrats to change their registrations until after the June primary. Second, forming a new party involves much more than just establishing machinery. We'll be talking to hundreds of thousands of voters about the new party in the course of getting these signatures. Our signature drive will actually be an organizing campaign."

The meeting which set up the new party followed immediately after the largest California legislative conference ever held. Bryson's call for a new party had been cheered at the legislative conference by the 1,236 delegates from AFL, CIO and railroad brotherhood unions and various other organizations. Even Dr. Francis Townsend, whose pension movement was well represented at the conference, said he was fed up with Republican and Democratic evasion. "If a new party would come to the fore representing all the people, as this legislative conference represents all the people," said Dr. Townsend, "I would certainly register with the new party."

An axiom of California politics is that the independent vote carries the elections. Without it, the Democrats have never won. When labor and the progressives sit home on election day, the Republicans clean up most offices. As a result of the Upton Sinclair and Culbert Olson campaigns in 1934 and 1938 respectively, and because of the rallying influence of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, most independents have been registered Democrats for the past decade. They never were "my party, right or wrong" Democrats, however. Unable to swallow the Truman program, they sat it out in '46. In Los Angeles county alone, 583,727 voters were dropped from the rolls for failure to vote.

Gleeful Republicans acclaimed the victory by default as a "mandate from the people" here as in the nation. Governor Earl Warren, the "nonpartisan," was reelected in both the Republican and Democratic primaries. He stopped merely sniffing around for the GOP presidential nomination, and started baying for it like a coyote at sight of an unguarded herd of sheep.

The state legislature followed the lead of its Congressional big brother. Instead of providing housing, the state's most critical need, the legislature provided a multi-million dollar highway program, which will mainly benefit paving contractors. Rent and price control got the go-by. But the legislature adopted, and the governor approved, two anti-labor measures—the so-called "Hot Cargo" and "Jurisdictional Disputes" bills.

Meanwhile, State Democratic Chairman James Roosevelt, tall, ex-Marine colonel who has something of his father's charm but little of his political acumen, was trying to pick up the pieces for the Democratic Party. On the one hand, "Jimmy" had Ed Pauley, oil millionaire, confidant of President Truman and state national committeeman, plus Bill Malone, San Francisco chairman. The Malone machine is California's closest counterpart to such Eastern institutions.

On the other hand, Roosevelt had Robert W. Kenny, former state attorney general and now a national co-chairman of the Progressive Citizens of America, and those Democrats who saw in Wallace their only hope. In the middle were the bulk of the state's Democrats, the indispensable independents who believed in the New Deal, and voted for it.

INCIPIENT revolt against the Republicratic party rule was felt first at Wallace's meetings this spring. The "Wallace in '48!" yells from overflow crowds in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Oakland were more than dim echoes in the ears of the old-line politicians. Worse, people paid to see and hear Wallace when neither Republicans nor Democrats could fill halls with free admissions.

Bob Kenny caught the cue. He called a meeting in Fresno in July and launched the California Democrats for Wallace. Kenny scoffed at Red-baiting and said the Democrats could not win with President Truman because "Truman has already chloroformed the independent voters."

When Democratic brass-hats accused him of splitting the party by fighting for Wallace, Kenny replied:

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"What has destroyed the unity of the Democratic party is Mr. Truman's abandonment of the policies of Franklin Roosevelt. Party unity can only be restored by a return to the Roosevelt principles, as enunciated by Henry Wallace."

A week after the Fresno meeting, the state Democratic central committee met at a special conference ostensibly called by Chairman Roosevelt to approve a statement of policy. Hitherto, Roosevelt had refused to commit himself for or against Truman or Wallace. At the meeting in the Los Angeles State Building, Roosevelt joined forces with the state's Truman leaders, Pauley and Malone. The state committee endorsed Truman's policies right down the line. In the words of virtually every newspaper reporter present, the Pauley-Malone-Roosevelt majority "steam-rollered" over every show of fight made by Kenny and the Wallace Democrats.

However, the California Democrats for Wallace established main headquarters in Los Angeles and started organizing committees throughout the state.

Throughout the year, third party talk had grown among the unions. CIO locals up and down the state approved resolutions calling for a third party. The fight against the Taft-Hartley Act showed not only the need for united political action but its possibilities. The cross-country auto caravan from California to Washington in the last days before the Taft-Hartley bill became law was a joint AFL and CIO venture. So was the defeat of the Warren-Knowland hierarchy in the Oakland municipal elections.

The AFL State Federation of Labor held its annual convention in Sacramento the first week of August. For the first time in its history, the state federation placed a forward-looking political action program as the Number One job on a state-wide basis. Two thousand delegates booed Governor Warren, previously supported by a top clique of state AFL leaders. As new state president, they elected John F. Shelley, president of the San Francisco Central Labor Council and a Democratic state senator opposed by the same pro-Warren clique.

THEN came August 23 and 24, when there gathered in Los Angeles the special session of the California Legislative Conference, followed by the meeting called by the Joint Trade Union Committee for a Third Party. Not even co-chairmen George F. Irvine, San Francisco, state legislative director of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, and Reuben W. Borough, former Los Angeles public works commissioner and leading Democrat, foresaw the scope of the legislative conference before they convened it in Rodger Young Auditorium, across the street and a block up from the Odd Fellows Hall, where the third party meeting was held.

Previous conference sessions had drawn a tops of 500 delegates. Registered that Saturday were 1,236, who shoe-horned themselves into the 800-seat conference hall and every other assembly room in the auditorium. Not only were there more union representatives than ever before; there were more delegates from all people's organizations, including the "senior citizens" of the Townsend movement who formerly shied away from joint political action.

The 1,236 individuals represented fifty-one AFL unions, 116 CIO unions, nineteen Railroad Brotherhoods, eleven independent unions, thirty-four veterans' and twenty-two youth organizations, 205 Townsend clubs, forty-five Jewish and thirteen Negro organizations, thirteen Democratic clubs, eighteen nationality groups (including American Indian), fifty-eight Progressive Citizens of America chapters, and 106 housing, parents, farmers, women's and other community groups.

Third party was discussed at the conference, but not acted upon. The reaction to Hugh Bryson's speech, however, and response to other talk in a similar vein, showed that for a majority few illusions were left regarding either the Republicans or Democrats. And the 600 delegates and observers who formed the Organizing Committee for the Independent Progressive Party of California the next day came across the street from the conference.

After announcement of the plans to form the Independent Progressive Party, State Democratic Chairman Roosevelt was silent. Bob Kenny had made his stand clear at Fresno, stating that a liberal Democratic party would "find in a third party not an enemy but an ally." Governor Warren found "the proposal for a third party inconsistent with American tradition."

California has stepped out at the head of the third party procession. But we don't expect to march alone.

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

Franco has announced that the Spanish bread ration will be cut from twenty to forty percent. If this keeps up the Spanish people fear they will have nothing left but the crumb.

•

A monetary expert says that the United Nations should issue world currency. All they would have to do is change the name of the American dollar.

•

John O'Donnell of the New York *Daily News* writes that television dooms newspaper reporting. O'Donnell should at least be credited with an assist.

•

Both Taft and Dewey still deny that they are candidates for President. The gentlemen are merely fellow travellers.

•

A scientist has asked the UN to outlaw germ warfare. This would just about throw Vandenburg and Dulles out of a job.

•

This scientist claims that less than twenty drops of virus can infect 20,000,000 humans with "parrot fever." The drops work something along the lines of Hearst editorials.

•

Mae West is currently on a tour of Europe. She goes forth as an ambassador of global good will.

•

English women have organized sewing circles to bring dollars to their country. Sewing in circles will not solve the problem as long as their government leaders continue to think in circles.

•

Quite a few of the United Nations delegates took time off to watch "dem Bums" in action. Unfortunately for world unity many of the delegates thought they were on a busman's holiday.

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Our Lan': A Triumph

Sherman was right — and after the war too. Theodore Ward's brilliant new play: "One of the most moving Broadway has had to offer in years."

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

FAR away (as theater distances are reckoned in New York) at the the East Side Neighborhood Playhouse on Grand Street—a little theater that has figured conspicuously in American cultural history—an enterprising group of young playwrights last year put on a number of new plays. Passed up by the commercial producers, their average was well above the Broadway average, the hits included with the flops. One of them, the Negro playwright Theodore Ward's *Our Lan'*, made such a resounding impression that Broadway, in the person of Eddie Dowling, the sensitive producer who discovered Tennessee Williams, had a corrective second thought about the play. Mr. Dowling has now brought *Our Lan'* before the general theater public in a spacious, professional uptown production at the Royale Theater.

Our Lan', as readers may recall from the previous NEW MASSES review, narrates an episode of the period immediately following the close of the Civil War. According to proclamations by General Sherman and the Northern occupation authorities, the emancipated Negroes were to be allowed forty-acre tracts of land to give their emancipation economic reality.

But in the capitalist North the bells of freedom were soon outrung by the chime of money. Northern mill-owners and speculators, and their allies among the politicians, preferred the South as a one-crop plantation colony. Toward that end, among others (which included a common upper-class urge to keep "inferiors" in an inferior place), they fostered "reconciliation" with their former enemies. As this worked out, it came to making common exploiters' terms with the former slave-owners at the expense of the emancipated Negroes. Contract labor, whereby debt bondage substituted for chattel bondage, was imposed upon them. When Negroes resisted Yank soldiers were marched in to protect the "rights" of Southern planters.

This new design of exploitation was carried out by the Tennessean Andrew Johnson, whose role was roughly analogous to that of Harry Truman in our own time. Picked by the politicians as Lincoln's running-mate to placate Southern border-state "Republicans," Lincoln's death released him to do the will of the reactionaries. Soon after his succession to the White House Johnson vetoed the Stevens provision that would have legalized Sherman's land grants to the Negroes. With that act the economic foundation of emancipation was destroyed; the Negroes were condemned to peonage and degradation. But the whole South was dragged down with them. Many Southern whites held the Johnson veto to be a triumph; but the highest illiteracy, disease and crime rates in the entire country are among the trophies of that triumph.

Our Lan' dramatizes this tragic piece of American history. Its action centers around a group of Negroes whose land allotment had brought them to a virtually abandoned island off the Georgia coast. With bare hands they made a desolation bloom. Houses were built and a good cotton crop brought in. But more than cotton was grown on the island. An additional spiritual harvest was theirs—a new sense of human dignity, confidence in their ability, knowledge of their human worth. And this precious harvest they defended with their lives.

As historical drama *Our Lan'* has mature and penetrating social understanding. In the simple moving terms of life itself, without one abstract, polysyllabic word, the dramatist makes clear that the spiritual growth had a material root. In more formal terms it makes clear that, without an economic base—in this case land—a new life for the emancipated Negro was impossible. We are shown still more, and all realized in individual lives. We see the interplay of class relations not only between Negro and white but between landowner white and poor white; and between worker Negro and the nascent Negro bourgeoisie. And we see dead property values killing life values.

TECHNICALLY *Our Lan's* achievements are equally distinguished. They include its simple dramatic structure, its spontaneous and ever-natural poetic speech, and its remarkable use of music to discharge emotional tension. I should add another achievement which derives from personal understanding too deep for ordinary critical tools to probe, and which is, perhaps, the play's greatest literary accomplishment. This is its creation of what, for want of a more precise term, we might call the "good" or the "positive" character. Critics have long pondered the phenomenon that well drawn and convincing evil, negative and destructive characters abound in literature but convincing "good" or "positive" characters are rare. We get one in Joshua Tain, the blacksmith who leads the farmers in *Our Lan'*. We have an extraordinary impression of his goodness and strength, an impression that is deepened by the revelation of moments of weakness. For example, Tain's shock over a disappointment, and his outburst of jealous rage make understandable the magnificent act of moral courage and generosity that follows it.

This is true of Ward's feelings for people in general. All his positive characters have their moments of faltering and backbiting; but we never lose sight of their nobility and strength as well. And even the negative characters like the landlord and the cotton buyer and the Yank captain are shown as not evil in themselves, but evil in their functions. Very few writers have this natural loving understanding of human beings.

Therefore it is hard for me to un-

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derstand the puzzled and insensitive reactions of the New York critics. Some found the dramatic structure over-simple; some complained that spirituals, after all, are no longer novelties; all were at a loss to account for the emotional power of the play, which they acknowledged.

But there is no mystery there. When a playwright sees his dramatic situation as surely and understandingly as does Ward, twists and tricks of plot become unnecessary. When eloquence is drawn out of the emotional reactions of the characters and out of the tensions in the situation itself, then poetic speech is never out of place and never out of character; and when a Negro playwright can use music on the stage as his people have done in life, then emotion is given one of the most effective mediums of expression that the stage knows.

But still more significant to me was the critics' inability or refusal to see or acknowledge a certain special value of the play. There is a shifting dimension of historical relevance, what we ordinarily call "timeliness," which, whatever its ultimate values may be, is a large, immediate value. It cannot be left out of account if a critic's judgment is to be a complete one.

The fact that books like *Strange Fruit, Native Son, Gentleman's Agreement, Freedom Road, Focus, Kingsblood Royal,* among others, were best sellers, and a play like *Deep Are the Roots* was a hit, is evidence enough that the problem of Negro-white or Jewish-Gentile relations continues to be a major one. A play like *Our Lan'*, which so feelingly illuminates that problem, has a special importance. Not to understand that is a critical failure; not to evaluate it is a critical evasion.

This is all the more so here because *Our Lan'*, in still broader terms, is a direct and valuable commentary on our immediate world problem. We are now in another postwar reconstruction. By seeing how the tragic "Negro problem," now nearly a century old and still unsolved, had its foundation in compromise and collaboration with former slaveowners, we can the better understand what fearful problems we are being committed to by the compromise and collaboration with the fascist-minded that is proceeding today. Critics with a sense of responsibility would have dwelt on this.

It remains to comment on the gains and losses in the transfer from the small stage and volunteer production of the downtown playhouse to the professional direction and the larger stage it now occupies at the Royale.

Antonio Frasconi.

As I have had occasion to comment before, there is a vigor and spontaneity in good unprofessional productions which the professional stage seldom retains. In this case, it seems to me, the loss somewhat outweighs the gain in smoother pace and ampler properties. The loss can be partially laid to the direction. The singing seems more staged, less spontaneous than in the earlier version. And Julie Haydon, who now plays the part of the white Northern school-teacher with understanding and beauty, plays it also, in a sense, too well. Her role was not written to provide such a conspicuous stage presence. The direction, in the original production, was better proportioned. But this loss is minor and does not keep *Our Lan'* from being one of the most moving plays Broadway has had to offer in years.

Out of almost uniformly fine acting one must single out William Veasey's performance as Joshua Tain. Such acting is a rare experience.

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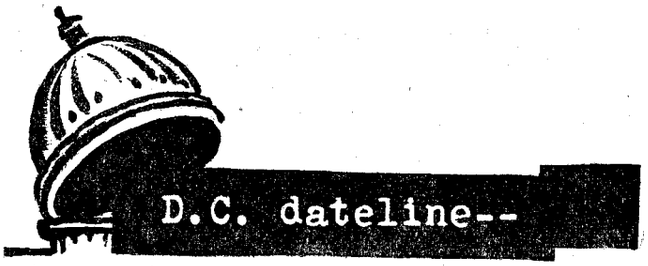

Mr. Truman, Mr. Gorbatov, Mr. Lippmann

Washington.

ANY impression that President Truman was going to give any leadership in the world food and domestic price crises—to paraphrase David Lawrence, my colleague at the far right end of the press table—was promptly dispelled last Monday by the utterly neuter gender of his press conference. Davie, writing in his syndicated column, considers the "calmness" of the Chief Executive highly admirable, and the demands for a special session "somewhat hysterical." But most correspondents, including the decent who want hungry people fed, the zealous who want to stop communism, and the work-a-day who want a good story, felt substantially let down.

"Whether the US would supply a full winter's stop-gap assistance for non-Communist Europe was as much up in the air as it was before President Truman met with Congressional leaders this morning," Joe Short, the Baltimore *Sun's* White House reporter, wrote.

After a week in which the President and his top Cabinet advisers had pictured a grim situation of imminent starvation in western Europe, of food shortages and rising prices at home as a consequence of our foreign commitments, he had nothing to propose except that four Congressional committees should meet to study the situation. He said $580,000,000 was needed by December 1 to provide food and fuel for France, Italy and Austria. This would carry them through next March, by which time Congress should have acted on the "Marshall Plan" and its long-range $22,000,000,000 budget. Mr. Truman described the situation as urgent and implied that unless Congress takes action soon, not only will people be cold and hungry but, worse by far, Communists will return to the governments in Paris and Rome.

But the President's action, or lack of it, belied his choice of words. He did not call a special session but passed the buck to the very reluctant Republican leaders of Congress. Under that time-table, the formal State Department reports will not be ready before November 1. The foreign relations committees will convene November 10. A special session before December 15, two weeks before the regular session is scheduled, is virtually out of the question.

As for the high cost of living, there is no indication this even entered the two-and-a-half-hour discussion the President held with the Congressional chieftains. No doubt, Mr. Truman felt he had dealt adequately with this problem when the week before he had brushed aside as impractical the restoration of price controls and rationing. In their place he had called for voluntary conservation and had named a citizens' food committee to sell the people a high-powered campaign of belt-tightening. One might have thought that in presenting such colorless and negative remedies, where resolute, drastic action was needed, President Truman was doing his best to live up to the scathing picture of him painted by the witty Boris Gorbatov in the Moscow *Literary Gazette*. By an odd coincidence, the State Department's press attache was haltingly and indignantly reading a translation of the Gorbatov article to newsmen in the department press room at the same moment the White House was preparing the press conference at which the President laid his great egg.

But I think the irresoluteness and indecision of the administration springs from something far more profound than the fact that Mr. Truman "loves bow-ties, wears his pants two inches shorter than ordinary . . . and is the most provincial of all Missourians." I believe it flows from the growing fear which contaminates even his close advisers that the administration foreign policy—stop-gap aid, Marshall Plan, and all the rest—simply won't work; that it won't "stop communism" nor prevent our national economy plunging down the greased slide to depression.

There is an election coming up next year and partisan attitudes are daily becoming sharper. A mistake by either the administration or the GOP Congressional leadership could be fatal to their respective ambitions. But if President Truman and his circle were confident of their position, they would present a positive program and push it through or let the Republicans take the consequence. There would be none of this gee-ing and haw-ing as to who will take the responsibility for a special session.

VIRGIL JORDAN, one of Vishinsky's select nine and president of the National Industrial Conference Board, has expressed the most extreme pessimism on the Marshall Plan and foreign aid in general. Jordan writes in the September 15 issue of *Modern Industry* that "a 'Marshall Plan' as a means of outbidding communism in the political markets of Europe is an infantile illusion or a fraud. Neither communism nor Soviet imperialism is the kind of thing that can be fought with money." Europe, including Britain, Jordan says, is "not merely economically bankrupt but morally and politically insolvent." Washington's attempt to take sides, with dollars, within these countries is meaningless, he writes, because the stake is "merely the outcome of internal contests for political power among varieties and sects of socialism and compulsory collectivism which are all the same to us."

The Marshall Plan avowedly aims to revive the economies of western Europe to make them self-supporting, while simultaneously discrediting the Communist movements there. But, some ask, can there be recovery without the Communists? Howard K. Smith, broadcasting from London via CBS recently, said that when the Communists were a part of the French government, production averaged ninety percent of pre-war. Since their expulsion, production fell to forty percent. It is remarked, not without amusement here, that the countries behind the "Iron Curtain," which receive no US aid, are rehabilitating much more rapidly than Washington's pets, upon whom all sorts of dollar love have been lavished.

Finally, considerable attention is being given Walter Lippmann's answer to Mr. X, in which he points out that the State Department's policy of "containing" the Soviet Union denies the possibility of a settlement between these two great powers and that if it works at all, it will work to make war inevitable. Ignored publicly by top officials, the Lippmann series is privately being discussed everywhere in administration circles. All of which gets back in the form of doubts and indecision to Mr. Truman.

Perhaps Gorbatov was right when he wrote that "fear before the menacing approach of crisis" breathes from the words and deeds of the President whom the Russian journalist has epitomized—perhaps for all time—as "the small man in the short pants."

A. L. J.

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Crisis of a Junior Partner: II

A program to help Britain out of her jam. "A basic change in major policy is indispensable."

By R. PALME DUTT

This is the second of two articles. The first appeared last week.

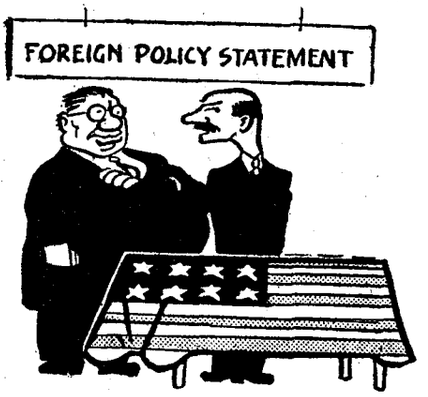
LAST MARCH the London *Daily Herald's* expert economist, Douglas Jay, M.P., was pooh-poohing suggestions of "any mysterious 'economic crisis' ahead" or "wild talk about the alleged rapid rate at which the American loan is being used up," and comfortably calculated on the continuance of the loan till the middle of 1949. By August the same writer in the same paper published a feature article under the title "The Crisis—Its Cause and Cure."

Seven months ago the Labor government's "Economic Survey for 1947" was denouncing "totalitarian planning" and opposing to the Left demand for an over-all economic plan the hoary liberal free market doctrine that "our special conditions" are based on the principle that "the decisions which determine production are dispersed among thousands of organizations and individuals" — without an inkling that within a few months they would themselves be driven to introduce compulsory measures which the Tories would in identical terms denounce as "totalitarian."

Triumphantly the Cabinet, amid Tory cheers, defeated the Left demand to cut down the senseless extravagant overseas expenditure on swollen armed forces maintained to police the world in the interests of reaction and to brandish the big stick in the face of the Soviet Union. The opportunity of the last Moscow Conference to reach a united democratic settlement on Germany was thrown away in favor of the Anglo-American front (in practice, an American front with a tightening squeeze on Britain) for building up the Ruhr and western Germany. As the accelerating disappearance of dollars began to arouse alarm, Bevin plunged to swallow the Marshall carrot dangled before his nose: everything would be all right; if the Soviet Union and the East European countries chose to count themselves out from a share in the expected largesse, so much the worse for them; Uncle Sam would never let down his faithful British henchman; the dollars would soon arrive.

Buoyed up with hopeful draughts of Marshall's Elixir, the Cabinet proceeded to turn down the British-Soviet trade agreement, which would have solved the greater part of Britain's wheat import problem, on the profound penny-wise grounds that the reduction of the rate of interest on the 1941 credit would have meant foregoing four million pounds (the pounds is worth $4.03) over a period of years—or less than one day's dollar withdrawals at that time.

In face of all warnings, not only from the Left but from many quarters, of the inevitable consequences, on July 15 the government went ahead with carrying out the loan agreement provision to make current sterling balances convertible to dollars. Then the smash came.



Gabriel in the London Daily Worker,
"Oh well, WE used to own THEM."

The rate of dollar withdrawals—which averaged $100 million a month in 1946, and had gradually risen to $166 million a month in the first quarter of 1947 and $316 million in the second quarter—in July, the month of convertibility, leaped up to $700 million, equivalent to an annual rate of £2,100 million, or more than double the total American loan. The July rate was equivalent to using up the total loan in less than six months. The somber outlook could no longer be concealed with sunshine speeches. The exhaustion of the loan loomed ahead in a matter of weeks. The cards were on the table with a vengeance—the real ones, not the faked ones. At the same time the deficit on the balance of payments for the first half of 1947 was running at £700 million a year, and the dollar deficit at £810 million a year. In the face of this situation the stock market slumped; ordinary shares fell ten percent in a week. The *Financial Times* index of ordinary shares fell from 136 in January to 119 by the end of July; the new two-and-a-half percent Treasury Stock, issued at 100 less than a year ago, tumbled to 83; the drop in security values was estimated at £1,000 million in a week on the total of £24,000 million security values handled by the Stock Exchange. There had been no such slump since Dunkirk.

Even in face of this overwhelming collapse the government still tried to maintain the illusion that it would be temporary and that August would see an improvement. As late as August 7 in the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Dalton, stated: "I have good reason for hoping that the August figure of dollar withdrawals will be substantially less than the July figure." In fact the August figure leaped up high above the July figure. On August 21, the government had to announce suspension of convertibility.

IN THE face of Britain's crisis, what does the government propose? The government proposes a series of cuts calculated to total £228 million. Of these food cuts amount to £144 million and constitute the main part. The officially-announced figure for cuts in expenditure on the overseas armed forces is only £20 million.

It is obvious that these preliminary

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cuts of £228 million will not solve the deficit of £700 million. But the remainder of the program is still very vague. The government proposes that exports should be increased to a level of 160 percent of pre-war. This would be the equivalent to Britain capturing something like two-fifths of the world market, representing the total world market for manufactured goods, at a moment when the first signs of the dwindling of the seller's market are beginning to appear, when every industrial country is desperately seeking to expand exports and when the United States above all, faced with a shrinkage of its domestic market, is entering on its most formidable exports drive.

The government further proposes that production targets in the main industries should be raised: agricultural output to be raised by twenty percent; steel to 14,000,000 tons, etc. But targets are not the same as a plan. At the present time the fulfillment of the existing lower targets is under considerable doubt. And the cuts proposed may further injure production.

But what are the proposals for reduction in the main field of unproductive expenditure, of the main cause of the deficit—the armed forces? The only aggregate reduction proposed in the total for March next year is from 1,087,000 to 1,007,000, or a grand cut of one-fourteenth.

The government has hurried through a bill to take wide emergency powers for administrative action by decree during the crisis. But when it came to the question of what plan the government had in mind to make effective use of these powers, Herbert Morrison (the economic czar until he was replaced by Sir Stafford Cripps) replied: "The government had no preconceived notions of how precisely they would use it, but what they needed was the power." Only one thing remained fixed: the government is determined to make no change in the fatal policy which has played the main part in bringing on the crisis. Prime Minister Attlee stated in the House of Commons on August 6: "There is no change in our defense policy or in the foreign policy underlying that policy."

Thus the government is intent upon continuing the road to ruin to the end.

WHAT is the explanation of the glaring discrepancy between the government's program to meet the deficit and the actual deficit, or of the obstinate refusal to make any serious cut in the armed forces in face of the plain facts and figures of bankruptcy?

It is evident that to the last the government has banked its hopes on the expectation that the dollars would still be forthcoming—that Washington would not let it down. The government has remained to the last the prisoner of an obsession which has governed its whole postwar policy. And that is that the hard-faced moneylenders of Wall Street are the natural friends and allies of a Labor government, while the working people's government of the Soviet Union is Enemy No. 1. Blinded by ideological prejudice in favor of the "freedom" of monopoly capitalism and against the "totalitarianism" which the government in common with the Tories uses to describe socialist organization, it has remained oblivious to the central fact of the postwar world situation: that it is United States imperialism which, under cover of violent anti-Soviet tirades to keep Britain and the Soviet Union apart, has in every sphere directed its heaviest economic and financial pressure against Britain and the British Empire, while it is the Soviet Union which has held out a helping hand, as in the recent offer of six million tons of wheat.

These illusions have received a rude blow on the chin from the recent negotiations in Washington. Mr. Snyder, the Secretary of the Treasury, demands his pound of flesh. Mr. Snyder, an upright man, believes in "strict interpretation of agreements without regard to consequences." "Mr. Snyder wants to know how the British propose to help themselves; he is particularly interested in coal production." The Marshall Plan? An American delegate hastened to explain: "We cannot fit any country into a preferential position under the plan." Britain must take its turn in the queue with the other European pauper applicants at the relief officer's door. *The Times* of London ruefully comments: "Thus the Marshall Plan appears to be getting house-rules and by-laws before it has a constitution or membership."

The International Bank? The American delegates hastened to explain that its control is in American hands and they cannot conscientiously approve of its issuing credits to Britain for this kind of crisis, for which it was never intended. No. The stranglehold is tolerably secure. There are no loopholes. Mr. Bevin has had his ride, and now the sucker has reached his destination. Soft soap is suddenly replaced by the curt language of the showdown. It was so exhilarating to join in the hue-and-cry "Get Tough with Russia"—even though it failed to produce a quaver on the Soviet side. But it feels different when the toughness begins to be turned the other way. The victim casts frantic eyes for a way of escape. But the ways are barred. The pieces are all in position. It is check and mate—so long as the game is played according to the old rules. America has won the round and Britain must pay.

How all the sapient commentators —Conservative, Liberal and Labor— united in a single chorus to pour scorn on the "crazy Communist suspicions" that the Marshall proposals and American credits might involve interference with the domestic programs and sovereignty of the countries concerned! Let them reprint their comments today: the laugh is turned the other way. "Challenge to State Control Is Coming," screams the *News Chronicle* across its front page; the United States "frankly questions whether nationalization is not retarding domestic recovery." Mr. Snyder asks, gleefully reports the *Daily Express*, "Is Britain under socialism still going to be a going concern?"

The fight is in the open. Either surrender to Wall Street dictation on British domestic policy, with any future British government a bailiff of the American overlords; or face the alternative and win the battle for British independence — which means a drastic revolution of policy, internal and external, with political consequences.

THE British people will not go down in defeat. They will not accept dictation. But there is no time to lose; the twelfth hour has passed. The government's present program cannot solve the crisis because it does not tackle its causes; because it still clings to the old discredited foreign policy and military and strategic policy in the wake of American imperialism, whose crippling burdens underlie the present crisis; because it still subordinates British economic policy to the requirements of the American monopolists; and because it still subordinates home reconstruction to the interests of the British monopolists.

A basic change in major policy is now indispensable, and this cannot be

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replaced by a piecemeal program of unbalanced cuts which can paralyze production while leaving the burdens of colossal armed forces and waste expenditure untouched. Britain's problems, even assuming the most uncompromising and unhelpful attitude of the American monopolists, are not insuperable. On the contrary, the basic problem of Britain's capacity to maintain a high and rising standard of life by its independent economic and productive strength, without dependence on tribute, subsidies or pensioner's allowances, is not only capable of solution, but has for years been crying aloud to be tackled. And we can even be thankful for the unhappy emergency which now compels it to be tackled.

In reality, the most favorable conditions of resources and skilled productive strength exist for its solution, far more than in many more heavily war-devastated European countries which have been making signal progress; and we can go forward in close association with many countries which are tackling similar problems in a planned fashion.

It is necessary to cut the burdens which paralyze recovery, to restore Britain's freedom of action in foreign policy and in international economic policy, and to enter on a far-reaching program of internal reconstruction for productive advance.

In foreign policy the fatal postwar line which abandoned the wartime Three-Power cooperation must be completely transformed into a policy of full cooperation with the Soviet Union and all advancing world democratic forces, thus assisting the victory of progressive democracy over the present dominance of reaction in the United States, and preparing the way for the resumption of full and effective Three-Power cooperation as the basis of world peace.

In international economic policy a program of close cooperation needs to be developed between Britain, the Dominions and the Empire countries, in close association with the Soviet Union and the European democracies striving to build their planned economies. Their combined resources can rapidly assist the solution of the problems of each country, and provide the most favorable conditions for negotiating terms of economic cooperation with the United States such as to exclude political interference or economic domination.

At home it is necessary to use the government's new emergency powers without hesitation to establish effective control of productive resources for an over-all economic plan. The fulfillment of such a policy will require political changes in the government.* Toryism, its gaze rooted in the past, dreams of 1931 and the return to power by foreign intervention. The maneuvers of Toryism must be defeated. But they can be defeated only if the labor movement learns the lessons of the crisis and carries through the necessary changes in policy and leading personnel to fulfill the requirements of national leadership in the crisis. Under the deepening pressure of the crisis the political alignment can only move either to the right or to the left.

The mood of the nation and the urgent necessities of the crisis demand that the realignment should be to the left.

The achievement of this depends on the capacity of the vital left-wing and progressive forces of the labor movement to hammer out a common policy and a common drive. There is no place for anti-Communism or sectional feuds in the present emergency. The aim of the hour must be to arouse such an awakening in the labor movement as will compel the necessary changes in policy and the corresponding reorganization of the government so that it will no longer be weighed down by subservience to Toryism, but, on the basis of the leadership of all the united progressive forces of the labor movement, will be capable of arousing confidence and giving leadership to the nation for the recovery of Britain.

* Mr. Dutt's article was written before the British cabinet was reshuffled last week. Whether the changes have any real significance will depend on whether they meet the policy the author outlines in his two articles.

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YOU CAN'T GET RICH ON WALL ST.

Believe it or not, bank employes get very low wages. What the UOPWA is doing.

By ARLINE SCHNEIDER

A SPECTRE is haunting Wall Street —the spectre of unionism. Unionism on a large scale in banking made its initial appearance when the employes of the Brooklyn Trust Company, one of the country's largest banks, went out on the picket-lines this summer in a four-week strike that told the world they were tired of looking good and starving quietly. They're back at work now, having accepted the bank's offer of an informal settlement, but neither they, the banks nor the labor movement will ever be the same.

When bank employes organize, they're organizing against the real bosses of the other industries that the labor movement has to deal with. The tellers, bookkeepers, typists, messengers and guards at the Brooklyn Trust Company were talking up from the very heart of employer-repressiveness and ruthlessness. They defied the union-breaking Taft-Hartley bill on the home ground of those who got it passed, for all Wall Street was backing the Brooklyn Trust Company against its employes.

The United Office and Professional Workers of America has always realized the importance of organizing bank employes. There's been a bank committee since the union was set up in 1937 and a special local for financial workers since 1942. But although this local had contracts with a few of the smaller banks and some general progress had been made, the first big step was not taken until the workers at Brooklyn Trust gave their emphatic answer to the bank's attempts to kill off their infant union. And perhaps one of the most exciting things about it is that three months before the strike was called most of them had—quite literally—never even thought about a union, much less joined one. These were cautious, sedate, quiet men and women who had never dreamed of picketing. It just wasn't one of the things bank people were supposed to do.

Of all white-collar people, bank employes have been the most white-collarish. And white-collar workers have it hard when they try to organize. There's a special psychology that grows out of the genteel atmosphere, the management-fostered illusions of superiority and individual advancement, the traditionally isolationist way of worrying about your individual problems or crises alone without openly "complaining" or "agitating." There are special fears and distrusts and sensitivities and intimidations. There are obstacles that have not had to be faced by, say, seamen, machinists, shipbuilders—by workers whose unity grew naturally out of the way they worked together, out of struggles that were more direct.

MOST people, if they think about bank employes at all, assume that they're pretty well off. A bank is an impressive place. The people who handle and take care of millions of dollars are impressive too because the bank hand-picks them. They must have education and intelligence and "good manners." They must dress well, be tactful, pleasant, easy to get along with. They must be skilled, accurate, alert.

The men and women who lived up to these standards had to start feeding their children on spaghetti and rice —they couldn't afford meat, vegetables, milk. Entrusted with the handling and care of public funds, they themselves were forced to forget about doctors, dentists, movies, new clothes. Yet they were expected to appear in new clothes, and good ones, too. If they had families, it was only by exercising sleight-of-hand that they didn't forget about eating and paying the rent. Just before the union was formed, your bank teller made $32, $35 a week—maybe $38 or $45 if he had worked a long, long time. A head bookkeeper, carrying the responsibility of a whole department, got $34 a week. A typist, who had to show up every morning well-dressed and with the energy of the well-nourished, made $23. These are sample salaries.

Statistics show the cost of living has increased over sixty percent since 1939 and the salaries of bank workers have increased only nineteen percent. Such agencies as the New York State Department of Labor and the Heller Committee of California put out figures proving that it takes $34.80 a week (take-home) for a single woman, living at home, with no dependents, to maintain herself at minimally decent living standards, and $91 a week to support a white-collar family of four at minimal decency ($11 more than for an industrial worker's family because of expense for clothes and upkeep of white-collar workers). Many bank employes have more than two children, but they see these wages only in their dreams. A teller who had been with the bank thirty-one years was making $62.50 when the union started. A bright future indeed—if, that is, you were lucky enough to stay with the bank thirty-one years. Many employes were gently dropped after years of service because they had "outlived" their usefulness or because there was a depression or because the bank could hire younger people for even less money. Of course, there were a few old people who were retired on pensions—$19 a month.

Feeling, no doubt, that the above salaries were all too generous, the bank was not above petty chiseling on its employes. The latter had to buy their own pencils, get no supper money when they worked overtime, to say nothing of adequate overtime compensation. Now and then an employe would be asked by a smiling, well-mannered official to do some extra work "as a favor." The favor would become permanent and the employe found himself with extra work loads —for free. If he decided to sully the pure air of the bank by asking for a raise, he was referred from one official to another, made dizzy while they talked in circles around him, and then told to wait. He waited. Usually, they forgot about it. Sometimes, rarely, a raise, smaller than the one asked for, came through a long time later. Persistent malcontents were told to "look elsewhere."

Then there was the being pushed around from job to job, whether you liked it or not, without classifications, extra pay or any recourse whatever. There was the knowledge that your job depended entirely on your boss and you kept in his good graces, or

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else. There was the dread of the middle-aged that in a few years they would be out. There was the atmosphere of opportunism, polite ruthlessness, favoritism, discrimination, self-preservation. There were the ugly prejudices, the Red-baiting, the subtle and direct anti-union pressures. All this in the background, behind the nice front, so much a part of the bank that employes more or less got used to it.

But when the union organizers came around the bank found it wasn't able to select or prune carefully enough to keep out "malcontents." All the tricks couldn't keep the malcontents from signing up fast, even those to whom the concept of a union was completely new. "We had years to live with the other side," they say, "It didn't take long to see the union's a good thing." That's about all most of them said. They're not wordy, haven't come to the point of talking or analyzing a lot. They made up their minds and they organized. One person would sign a card and get others to sign. From one branch, they'd send an organizer to another branch.

False standards melted as people got together, showed themselves to each other, discussed their common problems. After all, what deprived a person of dignity more than to have to practically beg for a raise? What destroyed self-respect more than to have to take petty pushing around because you need your job? What undermined confidence more than extreme necessity and insecurity? What's well-bred, refined or superior about needing your teeth fixed and not being able to afford it?

No—dignity lay the other way, in joining together to gain a voice in your own fate.

Within a month, nearly four hundred people were signed up.

A striker who was on a radio program during the course of the strike made a masterpiece of understatement. "We bank workers," he said, "are not hot-headed people."

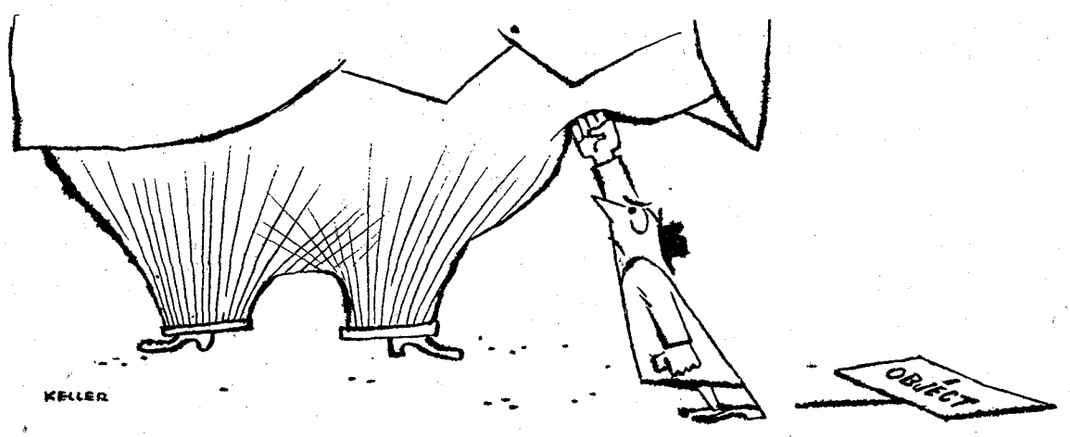
What he meant was that the strike was not the first thing they thought of, but the last. They didn't want to strike. They were driven to it because at last the only alternative left them by the bank was to have their union smashed, to resign themselves to tyranny, insecurity, hard work and low wages. With the advent of the Taft-Hartley bill, the bank, which until then had been making concessions to the union committees, seized the chance to try to smash the union. Union leaders were fired or transferred to inferior jobs in out-of-the-way branches that added hours to their subway time each day. The day before a union wage rally was scheduled, small raises were handed out to everyone but the active unionists. People were offered bribes to get out of the union. Committees of "loyal" employes were gotten together to hold anti-union meetings. Red-baiting, pressure, relentless persecution — "Why," said a teller, "some of the people in the bank thought they were doing something illegal. They didn't believe they had a right to organize after all that."

So it came to a strike. About half the people who had signed up with the union broke under fear and pressure and refused to strike. In addition, the bank hired hundreds of new strikebreakers, for this is a field where scabs are still plentiful. Those who stuck to the union knew they were outnumbered by scabs, knew the Taft-Hartley bill, when it became law, would give the bank a heavy club against them. They contemplated a long struggle—they who actually couldn't afford the loss of a week's salary. They risked jobs they'd held for five, ten, even fifteen years.

How did they bring the bank to the point of proposing settlement in four weeks? One of the answers is the way the small merchants and businessmen and the residents of the various communities lined up with the strikers against the bank. By the time the strike ended, a total of $8,000,000 in accounts had been withdrawn by strike sympathizers. This hit the bank where it hurt, because each of the twenty-three branches exists to serve a particular community; and while the funds could be replaced the depositors, who were the reason for the existence of a particular branch, couldn't be replaced. Committees of merchants and prominent people organized to send public protests to the bank, pledge support to the strikers and make financial contributions to the strike. A bank is vulnerable to bad publicity. In fact, the phenomenal lineup of the community with the strikers against the bank was something new and very significant in the coming struggle for total unionization of Wall Street.

But the big, the fundamental answer as to why the bank came to terms and why unionization is inevitable is in the strikers themselves. To know that answer you need to have been with them on the picketlines — watched them overcome lifelong inhibitions against "making spectacles" of themselves—seen them speak to depositors, hold meetings, agitate, heckle scabs.

The answer shouted itself in the emotions that emerged while these calm, determined, hitherto regimented people kept the picketlines going in the rain, the heat, in the face of carloads of scabs. They found exhilaration in fighting for their rights, dignity in striking their blow for the future. And they found out that the time for silent endurance is past, that poverty, frustration, emptiness can be fought. Can be eventually overcome.



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review and comment

FLICKERING AND DUBIOUS

For the bourgeois historian events and data have less reality than the world of ideas.

By HERBERT APTHEKER

H. G. WELLS, in a recently published posthumous work,[1] remarked that his universe, the universe of reformism, of a self-righteous capitalism, was "not merely bankrupt" but could show "no dividend at all." It had gone "clean out of existence," and in the midst of the resulting vacuum he was convinced that "the attempt to trace a pattern of any sort [was] absolutely futile."

Others, recognizing the extremely critical state of affairs, are desperately laboring to show that Wells was somewhat premature in his pronouncement of intellectual impotence, or are attempting to make a virtue out of imbecility and reveling in denunciations of reason.

In the field dealing with social phenomena, and most particularly, in historiography, this flight from science—or this *Eclipse of Reason* as Max Horkheimer has called one facet of it, in a provocative critique[2]—has taken two traditional forms, *i.e.*, a mechanistic or vulgar materialism, and, notably, a turgid mysticism.

A good current example of the first species is George A. Lundberg's *Can Science Save Us?*[3] Thoughts of value occur here, and while these are not characterized by striking originality, they bear repetition. It is well to be reminded of the shallowness behind the cries for a "moral" revolution which will spring from renovated educational practices, as though such practices did not derive from institutions grounded in and bulwarking the society they ostensibly seek to transform. It is important, also, to insist, as does Lundberg, upon the necessity of continuing and expanded research within the social sciences because, in the first place, this is needed and secondly, such insistence implies that all is not well with the world, that change is desirable, and that the character of that change may be controllable.

But when Lundberg demands the dehumanization of social science, when he insists that this science must not attempt to tell man "*what to* do" (italics in original) with the body of facts it accumulates, he is postulating an unreal and vitiating division between data and interpretive analysis of such data. Such division is fatal to all science.

The most challenging enunciation of mysticism within the area of philosophies of history to appear in recent writing is R. G. Collingwood's *The Idea of History*.[4] This, because of its rigorous and incisive nature, is a much more important work than the six-volume study finished eight years ago by Arnold J. Toynbee and reissued this year in the single volume entitled *A Study in History*.

Collingwood, late professor of metaphysical philosophy at Oxford, and before that a practicing and prolific historian — the latter profession rather unusual for philosophers of history—brings to a climax the growing trend toward the practical liquidation of the historical discipline itself. For Collingwood only an idealistic philosophy "could account for the possibility of historical knowledge." In this he is joined by such figures, both in Europe and the United States, as Buchan, Temperley, Oakeshott, Croce, Vagts, Teggart, Eddy, Brinton, and, recently, Charles A. Beard.

Collingwood's spacing is indicative: for Marx, who belongs "to the embryology of historical thought," we find four pages; for Michael Oakeshott, eight pages. The latter's work (*Experience and Its Modes*) is pronounced "masterly"; it represents, we are told, the "high-water mark" of English historical thought.

Before noting, then, Collingwood's own argument, a word may be said concerning Oakeshott. He repudiates, as do so many current historians, the theory of causation, and in place of it insists that the historian's task is never to interpret, never to generalize, but always and only to seek out and display more and more detail, with the criteria of selection never laid down, this being irrelevant to his function. All this is expounded at great length to buttress a conclusion that "a philosophy of life is a meaningless abstraction," that the intelligent man has the alternative of grasping "the futility of living" or accepting "philosophic disillusion." For himself, Oakeshott chooses the last, since the first would result in suicide and this, being an act involving choice, would dignify life too much! So, concludes this "masterly" work, "Philosophy is not the enhancement of life, it is the denial of life." And this represents the "high-water mark" of recent English thinking!

Such evaluations result from Collingwood's mysticism. He insists, first, on an absolute dichotomy between "mind" and nature. He insists, second, on a duality within the "mind" itself, one part being rational—"soul"—the other, irrational—"spirit"—a generator of "blind forces." The origins of both are unknown and unknowable. Thus, what may influence, effect, change either or both of these

[1] *Mind at the End of Its Tether*. Didier. $2.50.

[2] Oxford University Press. $2.75.

[3] Longmans, Green. $2.50.

[4] Oxford University Press. $6.

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inexplicably existent "things" clearly cannot be fathomed. As between "mind" and nature, history is concerned only with the first. And, as between the "soul" and the "spirit"—the rational and the irrational—only the "soul," the rational, concerns history. But "It is only by fits and starts, in a flickering and dubious manner, that human beings are rational at all," from which it must be obvious how "flickering and dubious" is what Collingwood calls "history."

So we see that events and data do not have significance for history. We see that "a world of ideas only" is the world of history. We see, too, that thinking itself means nothing more than "asking questions"; it cannot and does not mean answering them. We are supposed to concern ourselves with *why* things happen, without interesting ourselves in *what* happens! That is to say, history must deal with nothing except thoughts, and their production of other thoughts.

Finally, then, "the historian is not interested in the fact that men eat and sleep and make love"; but only in the thoughts creating social customs. The question "Whence come thoughts?" must not be asked, for it is outside the sphere of history. This also rules out, of course, all concepts of progress in happiness or comfort or satisfaction, since these are emotions deriving from such mundane and non-historical facts as what one eats or wears or where one lives or whom one loves.

Fifteen years ago Charles A. Beard remarked that historians faced three alternatives in their philosophic thinking: history as chaos; history as some vast and cyclical drama (*a la* Spengler or Toynbee); or history as science, in Marx's sense. That *is* the choice, and the necessity to choose becomes more urgent with every passing day. A professor at Oxford, choosing chaos, points to the work of a colleague at Cambridge that offers modern man either disillusionment or suicide, and calls it a high-water mark in modern thinking!

Modern man, faced with these alternatives, will choose the path marked out by an earlier resident at Cambridge who likewise lived in an age of vast changes, but who was himself a member of what was then a revolutionary class. He will decide, for he must, with Frances Bacon that philosophy is "for the benefit and use of life," not for its denial.

The Brown Universe

THE OTHER KINGDOM, *by David Rousset. Reynal & Hitchcock.* $2.75.

FIVE CHIMNEYS, *by Olga Lengyel. Ziff-Davis.* $3.

SMOKE OVER BIRKENAU, *by Seweryna Szmaglewska.* $3.50.

THESE three books intimately document the "concentrationary universe" into which over 20,000,000 Europeans disappeared during the Brown decade. They are written by survivors from Buchenwald and from Birkenau, a section of Auschwitz, the extermination camp, from which the Nazis had intended none to escape; the camp itself was to be destroyed. The "five chimneys" and the "smoke" both refer to the crematoria at Birkenau, which was called, in the imposed euphemism of the camp language, the "bakery."

Rousset is French and reached Buchenwald in the last year of the war. He was caught engaging in anti-Nazi activities among the German soldiers stationed in occupied France. Olga Lengyel's "crime" consisted in being the wife of a Jewish doctor. Her real crime was an underestimation of fascism, which led her from trap to trap set by the Nazis until she ended up with her two boys, father and mother at Auschwitz. They were all sent to the oven; her husband was shot.

Seweryna Szmaglewska was a Polish student. She was arrested for distributing leaflets. She testified at Nuremberg to the authenticity of the evidence recorded in her book and had the satisfaction of helping to send the one-time officials of Birkenau to the gallows. She spent three years in camp before she was released by the Russian advance.

Of the three books Rousset's is by far the most conscious and expert. With almost clinical detachment he examines the camp and its inmates as if they existed in a monstrous dream, a world of Kafka and Celine, where human values no longer survived, where only evil directed by science reigned. Rousset sees in this German "universe" the logical conclusion of German monopoly capitalism, the consummation of the anti-human, always present and potential in capitalism everywhere. He emphasizes the international characteristics of fascism and warns that Germany is not unique.

Olga Lengyel's book is a cry of

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State of New York
County of New York
ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph North, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the NEW MASSES and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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JOSEPH NORTH
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1947.

SAUL ADLER
(My commission expires March 30, 1949)

(SEAL)

horror and guilt. She accuses herself of having been instrumental in sending her father, mother and two children to their deaths because she blindly insisted on following her Jewish husband—as she was assured by the Germans—to "Germany." Instead, she brought her family to Auschwitz. She herself survived physically only by a series of accidents; she retained her mental health by joining the resistance forces within the camp.

But perhaps the most moving of the three books is Seweryna Szmaglewska's, which was widely read in Poland. For her the three years were a profound spiritual gehenna from which she emerged with a permanent absence of illusion about the significance of our world and our times. She witnessed deeds that exploded the brains of others and suffered not only physical torture but the inestimable torture of mind and spirit impossible to indicate here. She survived everything and carried a hatred of fascism so profound that it seems unqualified as if it were a condition of existence itself.

There is only one more word to add. When David Rousset was freed finally from Buchenwald, he came across a car driven by some former members of the SD, a branch of the SS. He told an American officer that those men should be arrested immediately and shot. "He looked at me with a smile and replied, 'We must be magnanimous in victory.'"

PHILLIP BONOSKY.

A Little I'm Hurt

BUT NOT YET SLAIN, *by Benjamin Appel. A. A. Wyn.* $2.50.

WHAT happens to a $9,000-a-year liberal New Dealer in a government agency when the jackals move in to bury the last trace of the Roosevelt era? This is the question Benjamin Appel, who worked for several government agencies during the war, seeks to answer in his first novel in many years.

Matt Wells is a Division Chief of Information in an agency being "economized" out of existence by a hostile Congress. The tough, unprincipled politicos in the set-up ride along on the wave of reaction; the "idealists" are confronted with the choice of resigning in protest or betraying their principles to hold their jobs. Wells, who thought he was an ardent follower of FDR, discovers that he has become flabby. "I haven't been off a government payroll since 1936," he explains. "You get used to those checks coming in every two weeks."

He also discovers that his wife, who was once as ardent a liberal as he had been, has made a full adjustment to the jungle life of Washington.

"Matt," she tells him, "you're somebody important now! You're on top of the Civil Service ladder! To give up your career—"

"What about my principles?"

"We have to eat."

The novel never rises above the level of this dialogue, and frequently falls considerably below it.

Matt Wells emerges as a sad and pitiful weakling who turns fumblingly and amateurishly to drink and sex when his wife goes home to let him wrestle with his problem alone. He comes to grips with it by walking into a bar: "Rye highball. It's a shame what's been happening."

Later, after many rye highballs and a couple of rather sordid extra-marital adventures, he philosophizes: "Survival of the fittest! That's all life is. You've got to fight with the part of your head that's self-seeking." The girl to whom he confides this profundity stares at him. "I see now why you write speeches," she says.

After that exchange, what happens to Matt Wells seems neither important nor interesting. The author fails to make people of his characters; they move woodenly and they utter dull commonplaces. They are stock, unreal figures.

The book is not really a novel. Only 183 pages long, it might have served as a rough outline for one had the author taken the trouble to pump the blood of life into it. It is not even carefully written, *e.g.*: "He . . . rubbed his sweaty palms on the sides of his trousers, and discovered he was holding an empty glass in one hand."

Matt Wells stumbles stupidly from one tawdry escapade to another until he hits rock bottom, having betrayed his best friend along the way. But he does not stay down. Miraculously and incredibly he saves himself in the last two paragraphs. He shakes off his drunken confusion and marches into the glowing dawn with his head lifted.

The author took his title from an old English ballad:

A little I'm hurt but not yet slain,
I'll but lie down and bleed awhile,
And then I'll rise and fight again.

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Benjamin Appel has published some excellent books in the past. Will he too rise and fight again?

LAWRENCE EMERY.

RECORDS

TOSCANINI's "A Wagner Program" provides a miniature life of the composer, with the early, Lizst-inspired *Faust* overture, the lusty maturity of the "Ride of the Valkyrie" and the late, refined loveliness of the "Siegfried Idyll." The performances are miraculous (RCA Victor 1135). "Beecham Favorites" includes one of the most interesting Berlioz items on records, the "Royal Hunt and Storm" from *The Trojans*. With it are the "Trojan March" from the same opera, and Borodin's tuneful *Prince Igor* overture (RCA Victor 1141).

The Bach Double Concerto, with both violin parts recorded by Heifetz, is a catastrophe. The violinsit's sentimentalization of the melodic line is made even worse by the caprices of the recording engineers (RCA Victor 1136). Fritz Reiner, leading the Pittsburgh Symphony, gives a proper and most delightful reading of Bach in the Suite No. 2 for Flute and Strings (Columbia 695). The same conductor and orchestra give a fine performance of the Richard Strauss music for *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. The music, once admired for its neo-classicism, now lives mainly for its tuneful Viennese schmaltz (Columbia 693).

If you like the more refined sentimentality provided by the French, you will find Lily Pons doing exceptionally fine singing in an album of *Chansons*, with music by Faure, Duparc and Milhaud (Columbia 689). Massanet, Gounod, Meyerbeer and Berlioz are represented in an album of "Romantic Arias from French Opera." Raoul Jobin, if not the possessor of the most resplendent tenor voice, sings the music with an artistry few tenors can match (Columbia 696). To my mind, the one genius of French music after Berlioz was Debussy, whose Sonata for Flute, Harp and Viola is a frail but most original and touching work. The excellent performers are John Wummer, Laura Newell and Milton Katims (Columbia MX 282).

Volume Six of "Jazz at the Philharmonic" is the best of the series, in which Norman Granz gives record collectors a chance to preserve the work of the modern performers as recorded at actual jam sessions. The ensembles in this album are from hunger, but Lester Young, Buck Clayton and Coleman Hawkins play a series of inspired solos. "Slow Drag" especially is one of the most beautiful of modern jazz records (Clef 100).

People's Songs of California provide a most entertaining, class-conscious record in "Unity Rhumba" and "Red Boogie," written and performed by Morry Goodson and Sonny Vale (Charter 20).

S. FINKELSTEIN.

NOTICE

If you are one of the lucky ones who obtained a first edition of CLARKTON, Howard Fast's new novel, hold onto it. It has already become a collector's item.

The first edition was sold out before publication. The second edition has just come off the press, but it's likely that the supply will be exhausted within the week. If you have an order in, claim your book. If you have not an order in, rush over to your bookstore and reserve a copy.

It seems that the Un-American Committee missed up on the first edition too. Well, they can wait. While their interest in the book may be greater, it will certainly provide them less enjoyment than it will provide you.

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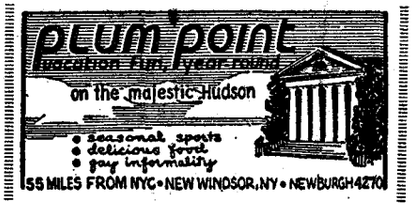
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